

## **GREED 67**

Chapter 67 Guide To Surviving A Titan's Wrath.

'Things aren't that bad.' The transcendent thought to himself. He knew he could salvage the situation since he wasn't dead yet. He hadn't been struck down by the world yet. It means the titan is actively holding back to keep him alive. That means he is useful to the titan alive rather than dead. He was willing to grasp at this hope for survival no matter how slim. He would make sure he was useful so that the titan will not reconsider keeping him alive.

"Ask away your majesty. Your every wish is my command." He struggled to say. A moment later he felt the force crushing him from all sides wane but it didn't disappear. It hung over his head like a guillotine prepped for a beheading.

"Good," Mihika said before sitting down in the chair meant for the guest and visitors. "You should sit too." She ordered.

The transcendent sat down immediately. They both sat down in their appropriate position but the power was swapped.

"Do you know who I am?" Mihila asked.

"I think so." He replied.

Mihila wasn't satisfied with his answer. "Hmm?"

The supervisor rushed to clarify. "I meant, yes I know who you are, your majesty."

"Then you must know why I am here." She was so soft-spoken that the transcendent could have mistaken her for someone else, for someone that hadn't burst her way into the building.

'She might have changed physically but she is still the same.'

He knew her. Her physical and spiritual presence might have changed into something heavier but her soul aura hadn't changed yet. His mind retrieved the information he had about her and he knew why she was here. His heart almost leaped out of his body because of the other information about her that came to mind, and he didn't even have a heart. The image of a white-furred battle sage monkey drenched in the blood of bloodliners. He gulped before answering with a healthy amount of trepidation.

"Yes, I do your majesty."

"And what do you have to say for yourself?" Mihila asked patiently.

What did he have to say for himself? A lot is what. But he couldn't run his mouth off. That's how foolish people get killed. He was smart enough to realize he had reached a crossroad of sorts. Her question allowed for multiple possible paths, his answer will determine his fate. His answer could lead to a path that meant life or at least a temporary extension of it, while it could also lead to death or a realistic experience indistinguishable from death.

But what could he say? Could he say that a king of law tasked me to delay your kids for 3 months so that they wouldn't receive the comprehensive evaluation and techniques that is rightfully theirs after their first year of life? I was compelled to do the deed because you were also a king of law. If only I had known you had become a titan of law I wouldn't have listened. In fact, if the person that made such a request had known he wouldn't have asked me to do it in the first place. Yes, he could say that, but he had a feeling it will not lead to the balance tilting in his favor. The subtle undulations of pressure are a constant reminder that the guillotine could fall at any time.

'I am just an innocent paper pusher.' He screamed inwardly.

In a big, long-lived family like that of the Ghastorix family, transcendents are the basic workforce. Even though each spot in the city for transcendent and above is incredibly expensive, the family heads had determined that it was much more efficient to use transcendent as the workforce. It was either that or replacing the workforce with new personnel every thousand years or so. Transcendents live longer and as such, have an edge over low-level lifeforms when it comes to recruitment. Only the heads and supervisors of the various departments are transcendents though. They are the ones that will bear the responsibility of replacing their underlings every thousand years or so. The spots in the city are too valuable after all. This is why more trouble is currently fast approaching.

While the supervisor could handle the pressure of a titan throwing its weight around. His underlings couldn't. He was a titan, they were not. Most had fainted, and this was because Mihila was seriously

holding back. The little amount that was clinging to consciousness had informed the security authority. They received a quick reply and promises of incoming response thanks to the iron-like grip of the lightning hand of Elder Stein. Elder Stein came himself because of the level of force needed to quell the current situation. His approach was announced by the rumbling sounds of thunder.

"Who dares to disrupt the peace and order in this city?" He demanded sternly, but his voice was quiet as if he wasn't feeling like murdering someone. It had been brought to his attention that he tended to shout while angry so he was working on himself. His efforts in self-restraint were producing results too.

"Mihila is that you?" Stein asked in surprise when he recognized her. She had changed but he still recognized her aura.

"You have changed but I still recognize your aura." Stein always spoke his thoughts. The movement of the lightning zipping across his fur mirrored his emotions perfectly. They were erratic when he became excited, they became sluggish when he was startled. Right now they were sluggish.

"It is good to see you too Elder Stein." Mihila rose to stand across from the new arrival.

"You have become a titan. I am not sure if I should congratulate you or not. I didn't know you were this ambitious in your path. Are you sure you can succeed? I don't have much hope for your success." While some people might have mental restraints enough to be polite and mind their business. Others will just say anything that comes to their mind and Elder Stein is one of these people. But all hope is not lost, maybe when he is done restraining his voice he will master the complete restraint of his entire mouth next. One step at a time.

"Progress comes only with effort," Mihila replied with conviction.

"You're completely right. So what is going on here?" Stein asked again. Mihila turned to the transcendent to answer.

The transcendent on the ground wished he could crawl away and escape but he couldn't, he was being crushed by the combined aura of the two titans. He knew things were bad when the director of the Department of Security and discipline arrived. Unlike other departments that can make do with a low level of strength, security and discipline need a high level of strength. This particular wielder of such a high level of strength is known to be difficult to deal with. He could have weaseled his way out with an

explanation to the distraught mother with an apology and a promise of swift service delivery, but now, he had to come clean.

"It is out of my hands now. Better someone else than me." He thought in resignation and acceptance. His decision brought immediate relief to him. He was not at fault for the matter and with the impartial director of discipline here, he wouldn't take the blame either.

'I was forced to do it anyways.' His mind relaxed, he opened his mouth and he tattled. He spilled out the details.

Mihila had calmed down by now. Her earlier loss of control was because of agitation at the fear that her precious babies were being discriminated against. Her first son had a new bloodline that was completely different from anything that came before and she didn't want him to lose his potential because of bigotry. Now that she knew that wasn't the case she felt better and at peace. Her kids were just being delayed because of the fragile ego of some people.

Elder Stein on the other hand was about to lose his very fragile temper. If he were in the outside world a calamity of rain and thunderstorm would have swept off the area around him without putting in much effort. That's the difference between titans and sovereigns. Titans were walking disasters while sovereigns were disasters in a bottle. Sovereigns have gained preliminary control over their immense power, so unless the cap of the bottle is opened, the disaster will remain trapped. Titans have to gain control of their power and become sovereign or their power will be the end of them. In the ancient times when the title for their stage of power was coined, inspiration was taken from the behavior and potency of violent titans of nature. And like those titans of nature, their end is a return to nature. A titan becomes stronger the longer they live, right until they drop dead. That's why the leap from King of law to Titan of law has to be taken seriously. Once one becomes a titan, he either progresses to a sovereign or dies.